When domeſtic friends meet in a morning, there will naturally prevail an affectionate ſerioufneſs, eſpecially, if each look forward to the diſcharge of daily duties; and, it may be reckoned fanciful, but this ſentiment has frequently roſe ſpontaneouſly in my mind, I have been pleaſed after breathing the ſweet-bracing morning air, to ſee the ſame kind of freſhneſs in the countenances I particularly loved; I was glad to ſee them braced, as it were, for the day, and ready to run their courſe with the ſun. The greetings of affection in the morning are by theſe means more reſpectful than the familiar tenderneſs which frequently prolongs the evening talk. Nay, I have often felt hurt, not to ſay diſguſted, when a friend has appeared, whom I parted with full dreſſed the evening before, with her clothes huddled on, becauſe ſhe choſe to indulge herſelf in bed till the laſt moment.

Domeſtic affection can only be kept alive by theſe neglected attentions; yet if men and women took half as much pains to dreſs habitually neat, as they do to ornament, or rather to disfigure, their perſons, much would be done towards the attainment of purity of mind. But women only dreſs to gratify men of

of gallantry; for the lover is always beſt pleaſed with the ſimple garb that fits cloſe to the ſhape. There is an impertinence in ornaments that rebuffs affection; becauſe love always clings round the idea of home.

As a ſex, women are habitually indolent; and every thing tends to make them ſo. I do not forget the ſpurts of activity which ſenſibility produces; but as theſe flights of feelings only increaſe the evil, they are not to be confounded with the ſlow, orderly walk of reaſon. So great in reality is their mental and bodily indolence, that till their body be ſtrengthened and their underſtanding enlarged by active exertions, there is little reaſon to expect that modeſty will take place of baſhfulneſs. They may find it prudent to aſſume its ſemblance; but the fair veil will only be worn on gala days.

Perhaps, there is not a virtue that mixes ſo kindly with every other as modeſty.—It is the pale moon-beam that renders more intereſting every virtue it ſoftens, giving mild grandeur to the contracted horizon. Nothing can be more beautiful than the poetical fiction, which makes Diana with her ſilver creſcent, the goddeſs of chaſtity.